

THE WHIG STANDARD.

EVIDENCE OF A DEITY.

BY MRS. E. M. SHELDON.

"It has been said that the 'undevout astronomer is mad,' and the language may be applied with equal force to one who looks abroad on all that is beautiful on earth, and sees nothing to admire, or call forth feelings of gratitude to God."—Prof. Devey.

He that looks forth on shrub and tree
I vernal beauty smiling—
Or hears the warbler's notes of glee,
Or sees the nations of a day,
Or on the sunbeam floating—
Or watches in the fountain's spray
The active fishes sporting—
Yet nothing seems to make him glad,
Or wake devotion's fire, is mad.

If words on worlds that round us turn—
Sublime, exhaustless theme!
And centres that in glory burn—
Assert a great Supreme,
Do not the breeze, the dew, the shower,
The rill, the woody grove,
The insect's life, the pencilled flower,
Show forth a Father's love!
Who ever on this earth hath trod
Is mad that saith, "There is no God."

THE GREEN BARON.

The Chronicle Parisienne, of August 16th, relates the following good 'un:—A young half-starved dandy Baron, who had, by some means, come in possession of a respectable sum of money, which he was desirous of placing at interest, resolved at length, on visiting the fashionable watering places, with the avowed intention of dazzling some rich heiress, and concluding a brilliant marriage, as the most profitable investment of his funds. These fortune hunters in quest of a rich dowry in florins, roubles, or guineas, are to be found in numbers at B——, and elsewhere, during the summer season. For some time nothing was heard from the Baron: he had arrived at B—— in a postchaise, and had taken apartments at a first-rate hotel. Furthermore, the season opened brilliantly; the influx of strangers was great; the society, as usual, offered a delicious melange of true and false, great and small, the curious and speculators. Beautiful women were not wanting; among them were a few French, more of English, and a surplus of Russian belles. After having passed in review several sentimental Misses, and a dozen of German beauties, without finding a suitable match, the Parisian dandy was still clinging to his hopes and illusions, when a Russian Countess, Mme. D——, arrived at B——. The Countess was beautiful, a widow, displayed magnificent diamonds, and caused much sensation in the ball-room on the occasion of her debut. The most devoted homage was paid her; the Baron displayed all his graces, and spared no means to render himself attractive; a gentle hope, a noble ambition, seized his soul; a secret presentiment warned him that this noble stranger was to exercise a certain influence upon his destiny. What transpired during a six weeks assiduous courtship, report saith not. Rumor went forth that the Countess was rich—the dandy asked nothing more; the diamonds of the beautiful Muscovite dazzled him; and when she spoke of her lands, peasants, and roubles, he could no longer contain the ardor of his passion. One beautiful morning he found the Countess very much dejected; she had just received a letter from her brother, a young scape grace, who had become entangled in some plot.

"My unfortunate brother," said she, "is sequestered in a farmer's house; he wishes to take flight and embark to America; he wants me to furnish him with money; but how can I do it? If I write to my banker at St. Petersburg, I shall excite suspicion, and I have not the necessary sum with me; he asks for twenty thousand francs! I would willingly consent to sell my diamonds, which are worth fifty thousand crowns, but that would be jeopardized by delay."

The young Baron was softened; he had remained about fourteen thousand francs; he had at B—— some friends and credit; he borrowed in all directions, and the same evening Mme. the Countess received the sum demanded. In the transport of her gratitude she assured him his love was reciprocated. Two days after she said to him; "Prepare your carriage, and we will leave together for Russia; I belong to a powerful family, and the consent of the Czar shall be obtained to our marriage. I cannot dispense with the imperial approbation, without incurring the risk of having my possessions confiscated, though I am well aware that you do not marry me for my fortune."

They left in the Baron's carriage, and on the morrow the society of B—— saw with surprise the dandy reënter alone in a shabby cabriolet. The following is the denouement: At ten leagues from B——, towards evening, in a lone place, and during a sentimental tea-côte, the Countess let drop her handkerchief in the road; the dandy at once stepped from the coach to pick it up; the coach continued its course without waiting for him to reënter himself. The Baron shouted to the postillion to stop, but it was "no go," he heard not or heeded not. The valet-de-chambre of the Countess, seated on his box, looked round and bade adieu to the Baron with a significant twirl of his fingers, accompanied by the most satanic burst of laughter. The suppliant dandy was thus doomed to behold his twenty thousand francs, his hopes of a rich marriage, carriage and baggage, disappear in a cloud of dust.

The heart of a truly great man is bold, and it confides—it is tender, and he loves—it is generous and he gives—it is social and he is hospitable—but alas, alas, how few to be found with a combination of character so noble—so endearing. With empty heads, and hollow hearts—the majority are indebted to their tailors—their impudence, and their vulgar swaggering for the effects they produce, and instead of loathing and contempt, which would be called forth in refined and discerning minds, they excite in many, particularly the ladies, admiration and love—unhappy feature this, and much to be deplored.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask of their fellow mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—Sir W. Scott.

Is he rich?—Many a heavy sigh is heaved, many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents often evince in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point of view, as virtue is to vice? And yet, how often is wealth considered a better recommendation to a young man than virtue?—How often is the first question which is asked respecting a suitor of a daughter, "Is he rich?"

"Is he rich? Yes, he abounds in wealth, but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband?"

Is he rich? Yes, his clothing is purple and fine linen, he fares sumptuously every day, but can you infer from this that he is virtuous?"

Is he rich? Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean, but do not riches sometimes take wings and fly away? And will you consent that your daughters shall marry a man who has nothing to commend him but his wealth? Ah! beware! the gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not, then, "Is he rich?" but "Is he virtuous?" Ask not, then, if he has wealth, but if he has honor, and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

Love.—The genius of love comes into life before that of art. There are men who perform noble deeds, others who sing and immortalize their actions. Without the deep, powerful love, which causes relations and friends to act and to suffer for each other, without actions which show that "love is stronger than death," pencil and chisel would not have created those masterpieces, song would have brought tears to no eyes, and music would have been but a plaything. It is the inspiring glance of love which gives words of fire to the artist's lips—they can utter nothing beautiful which that has not first dictated.

Beautiful Sentiment.—We live in the midst of blessings, till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget how large a share of all is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would our laws have been—what our civilization?

Christianity is mixed up with our very being, and our daily life. There is not a familiar object around us, which does not wear a different aspect because of the light of Christian hope.

Trifling with Scriptures.—It is of the greatest importance that we should resist the temptation, frequently so strong, of annexing a familiar, facetious, or irrelevant idea to a scriptural usage, a scriptural expression, a scriptural text, or a scriptural name. Nor should we hold ourselves guiltless, though we have been misled by mere negligence. Every person of good taste will avoid reading a parody of a beautiful poem, because the recollection of the degraded likeness will always obtrude itself upon our memories, when we wish to derive pleasure from the contemplation of the elegance of the original. But how much more urgent is the duty by which we are bound to keep the pages of the Bible clear of any impression tending to diminish the blessing of habitual respect and reverence towards our Maker's law.—Palgrave.

Wealth not happiness.—Go into the country; behold the farmer at his plough; every thing is snug and comfortable around him. He has not wealth, and is consequently free from its perplexities; he is not poor, and is consequently independent. His family thrive around him, and blessed with health and contentment, he enjoys as great a share of happiness as ever falls to the lot of mortals. Great wealth is too often useless or misdirected—extreme poverty is fatal to the most laudable efforts. A state of independent competence between the two, is most likely to preserve our principles untarnished—to keep our human sympathies refreshed, and to render us truly happy.

Ovid finely compares a broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when the man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but should his wants be such that he's sued for a trifle he finds it difficult to obtain trust for the smallest sum.

Night.—And now it is night! Sleep with its soft wings touches the eyes of man, and their souls dream away in the land of wonders. The lawyer forgets his suits; the laborer, the toils of the day; the man of the world, the tedium of his festivities; the unfortunate, the occasion of his tears—all through thee, sweet blessing!—rich sleep! But if thou findest eyes which thou canst not close, which pain and care keep open and fixed till the very brain becomes numb and the heart bleeds—oh, then, go, gentle, sweet sleep, and beseech thy pale brother to come, for terrific he is the true physician.

At the Conflagration of Moscow, Napoleon said this "was the spectacle of a sea, and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea alternately bursting forth, and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flames below. Oh! it was the most grand, and the most sublime, and the most sight the world ever beheld."

Endeavor to tell your own weakness when you are under the necessity of teaching wisdom to fools and politicians.

When religion is made a science, there is nothing more intricate; when a duty, there is nothing more easy.

We love women a little for what we do know of them, and a great deal more for what we do not.

Let no man ever expect to prosper in this life, or gain the respect and esteem of others, without an undeviating course of integrity and virtue.

Never look for ancestors, or your titles in the imperfect records of antiquity; look into your own virtues and the history of those who lived to be benefactors of society.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure contentment; the greatest possession health; the greatest ease is sleep, and the best medicine a true friend.

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing, it is of a good action, done, as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

Constant occupation prevents temptation, and begets contentment; and content is the true philosopher's stone.

CLIPPINGS.

Healy, the Artist.—The Boston Courier says: "We have seen a letter from Mr. Healy, dated at Paris, from which we learn that his proposed mission to this country is by order of the King, to paint the portraits of some of the distinguished men of this country who were engaged in our Revolution—not of the present day—for the gallery at Versailles. He also expects an order for portraits of each of the Presidents of the United States, for the same gallery."

A Musical Prodigy.—We learn from the Salem Gazette that Master J. P. Groves, (only eight years of age,) "who has received flattering testimonials of ability from Signor Nagel," is to play a solo on the violin at a concert to be given by Signor Garcia in that city on Monday evening next.

Ole Bull.—A New York correspondent of the Providence Journal says: "I have seen this wonderful man, in moments of unrestrained enthusiasm, seize his instrument, and while walking the room in a glow of enthusiasm, tear from it strains of melody and tones of sorrow that seemed to come from happy souls above, or lost spirits below."

A Serious Charge.—Two letters from Rochester, one published in the Boston Atlas, the other in the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, state that a paper has been drawn up and signed by E. F. Smith, late mayor of Rochester, and thirty of the first business men of that city, charging Joseph Strong, the newly appointed collector of the district, with having put the small case of gin on board the Admiral, for the smuggling of which that noble boat was seized.

The New York Courier says that Dr. Beigler, recently committed at Rochester, upon a charge for assaulting his wife and for arson, is strongly suspected of having murdered a former wife in London, whither he had taken her from Germany.

Cromwell.—The Journal of Commerce says: "A petition is in circulation here, asking Congress to grant to the widow of Samuel Cromwell a pension for life, adequate to her support, on the ground that he was executed for piracy on board the U. S. brig Somers, without trial, or an opportunity to defend himself, and that subsequently, on the trial of Captain McKenzie for said execution, 'no evidence was introduced which could implicate Cromwell in the offence charged.'"

A Bank Robbery.—We learn from a handbill issued by the cashier of the Providence County Bank, that the doors of the bank were opened by false keys on the night of the 4th instant, (Monday night,) and money to the amount of above \$8,000 stolen. The sum of \$7,455 was taken in bills of the bank, and above \$1,100 in gold and silver. The officers of the bank offer a reward of \$1,000 for the apprehension of the robber, and the recovery of the money, and a proportionate sum for the recovery of any part of it.

Dr. John S. Young was re-elected Secretary of State, by the Tennessee Legislature, on Thursday week.

Martin Brimmen, mayor of Boston, has been nominated by the Whigs of that city for reelection.

The citizens of Frankfort, Indiana, offer a donation of \$1,000 to any capitalist who will erect a good steam flour mill in that country.

Set 'em up.—Mr. J. V. Ford has arrived in town from Troy with his type setting machine. He professes to be able to set 3,600 ems per hour. Boys, do you hear that? Do you think he can justify this assertion, or any thing like that quantity of type.—N. Y. Aurora.

New line of Steamers.—A line of steamers is about being established in Richmond, to run from that city to New York. Passengers will be taken from Richmond, Petersburg, and Norfolk, to New York for ten dollars. It is calculated that the trip from Hampton Roads to New York will be performed in thirty-nine hours; from Richmond in forty-eight hours.

Important British Naval Movement.—The Halifax Post of the 28th November states that Vice Admiral Sir Charles Adams departed from the port with a fleet on the 26th for Central America, and remarks that the business the fleet is concerned in is of deep importance. Some old difficulties are alluded to, as well as the more recent contempt shown to the British flag at a party where the British Minister was present, and what is probably more grievous than all the rest, the restriction tariff of Santa Anna, injurious to British trade. Sir Charles thinks to do something by way of remedy.

Missionaries.—Religious exercises were held on the 4th instant, on board the brig Globe, at Commercial wharf, Boston, previous to the sailing of the following persons, as missionaries to the Sandwich and Society Islands: Rev. T. D. and Mrs. Hunt, Rev. E. and Mrs. Whittlesey, Rev. C. D. Andrews, Rev. John F. Prague, and Miss Whitney, from the American Board of Foreign Missions.

The Richmond Enquirer publishes an extract from a letter from Newhill Puckett, at Lynesville, Granville county, N. C.: "I have procured the seed of the Chinese tree, so much used in America. It is genuine, matures perfectly well in our climate, and can be raised in abundance with very little trouble."

Horrible Butchery.—The Cincinnati papers say that ten thousand hogs have been butchered there within a week, while eight thousand more are in the pens, and droves constantly arriving.

The Legislature of South Carolina assembled on the 27th ultimo at Columbia.

Zinc ore has been discovered in East Tennessee by Dr. Troost, State geologist.

Dr. Cunningham, and other distinguished divines belonging to the Free Church of Scotland, are expected in this country daily. They were to sail early in November.

Wm. Henry Herbert, Esq., has been awarded the first prize for the best story of the American Revolution, offered by the Philadelphia Post.

Dr. Caldwell, in addressing a class of medical students at the west, said:

"In the words of Lady Macbeth, 'But screw your courage to the sticking point, and you cannot fail.' Be determined, and, like the soldier going into battle, let every one resolve to kill his man."

The editor of the Norwich Spectator says: "It's hard work to look at the sun without winking, but harder still to look at some of our young women without feeling inclined to wink."

COMMUNICATION.

GEORGETOWN, Dec. 8, 1843.

It may not be out of place at the present time, as your paper has never given any notice of the fact, that there is existing a "Henry Clay Club" in our flourishing and reviving town; the reason why it has not been done, arises, I presume, from the fact, that at the time of our organization, you had not unfurled your banner to the breeze—"The sign of hope and triumph nigh!" It has been repeatedly asked why we discontinued our meetings? To such, the answer will be satisfactory; we did not design, when we formed the "Club," to enter at once upon the active duties of the field—the performance of those various duties which necessarily belong to such associations formed for public good—but simply to meet, organize, and make arrangements for the opening of the new year with vigor and great zeal; undaunted by the treachery of the past—undismayed by the chucklings of our political opponents. We have united, to sound the alarm to the States comprising this Union (the same causes now existing as they did in '40—the same ground for exertions); to arouse them to action, complete, victorious action. Though we are disfranchised; though with the ballot box we have not part nor lot, except in municipal elections; though republicans (proudly we assert it), yet without that great appendage; though bound, we are not defenceless; though crippled, yet not dead! the voice of the District must and will be heard in the coming, nay, fast approaching contest. Her sentiments, her opinion, will be quoted, and that with tremendous effect, as it should be, for reasons obvious to all intelligent persons. We have formed ourselves into a Clay Club; we have united, believing that in "union there is strength;" we have united, for the purpose of setting forth to the people facts as they are—setting forth our political opinions; their beauty, their strength, their practicability. We have been urged to this step, by the din of preparation which is heard above the noise of political intrigues, coming up from the North and South, the East and the West—sounds, deep, tangible, full of meaning—bearing as it does upon its wings the inner feelings, the inner sentiments, of a great and glorious people. We are preparing, and will be prepared for the strife; a strife which I trust will never end, until Henry Clay—the noble, the magnanimous Clay!—shall be seated in yon White House, where now is ensconced the vilest of political traitors! "A motley mass of inconsistencies; infirm of feeling and purpose, blown about by every breath, shook by a sigh, and melted by the mere shadow of a man; the outer semblance, but the inward nonentity; the mere show of a thing; a thing which heaven despises, and earth cries out against." "Truly, the strong have eaten soft grapes, and the teeth of the weak are set on edge." Treachery has, and will always have, its reward. We have united to mete out this reward; so deserved, for so well earned.

We have united under the banner of our country; its stars and stripes floating to the breeze, supported, reared aloft, by the firm patriot, the great statesman, the defender of his country, the benefactor of his race, HENRY CLAY! Supported by him, we fear not the issue, we anticipate no defeat! Yours, respectfully, SQUEERS.

SPECTACLES.—My attention has been called to an article in the public papers and circulated in handbills about this city, called Periscope Spectacles, said to be constructed in accordance with the philosophy of nature, in the form of a Concavo-Convex Ellipsoid. What is meant by the philosophy of nature may be hard to tell, but certainly they are at variance from the laws or principles of Optics, as certainly no Ellipsoid can converge the rays of light to a perfect focus. They are said not to be the French meniscus or Wollaston's periscope (one and the same construction of glasses). The meniscus lens is a truly ground surface, concave on one side; the other side, possessing a greater degree of sphericity, consequently becomes a magnifying glass. This species of glass will converge the rays of light the same as a double convex lens. The application of this form of lenses in the shape of Spectacles, gives the eye a greater field of vision.

The celebrated Dr. Brewster, in speaking of these Spectacles says that they give decidedly more imperfect visions than common spectacles, because they increase both the aberration of figure and of color; but they may be of use in a crowded city in warning us of the oblique approach of objects. Now, as spectacles are intended to assist nature, and the eye, the most perfect masterpiece of Divine Mechanism, (in its natural state,) every part has the very form and office which the laws of optics require for the most perfect vision of an object. Is it not preposterous to apply a piece of bent concave or convex glass without true form or figure to its assistance? On the contrary, it is not reasonable to conclude that their continued use would destroy the eye entirely? Spectacles are probably the most ancient of all optical instruments, and yet has undergone the least change of any. The subject has been well considered by Opticians throughout all Europe for ages, and the general conviction is that a truly ground concave or convex lens is the most suitable for assisting decaying or unnatural visions of the human eye. R. PATTEN.

The subscribers have for sale at their manufactory, on Pennsylvania avenue, south side, between 10th and 11th streets, a general assortment of the best of Spectacles, with truly ground glasses. Glasses of the best quality fitted to old frames, &c. Also, Surveyor's Compasses, Levels, and Drawing Instruments, of the best quality.

R. PATTEN & SON.
* Instruments made to order, and warranted.
dec 9-1m

A CARD TO THE LADIES.
MISS M. J. ASHWOOD, Pennsylvania avenue, between 9th and 10th streets, has just opened a splendid assortment of WINTER MILLINERY. She hopes her old customers will give her a call before purchasing elsewhere.
dec 6-1w

A CARD TO THE LADIES.—MRS. TAYLOR, from Baltimore, has now opened a most beautiful assortment of Millinery and Fancy Goods. She will sell as handsome Bonnets for ten and twelve dollars, as can be purchased elsewhere for fifteen or twenty dollars. Also, two cases of low priced silk bonnets, suitable for misses and ladies, which will be sold without regarding the price. Ladies will do well to make an early call, as they will find great bargains.
On the south side of Penn. Avenue, between 9th and 10th streets, entrance at Mrs. Allen's, up stairs.
dec 5-6t

OIL BLACKING, &c.—If you want dry feet all winter, prepare your boots and shoes with Leather Preservative or Oil Blacking, which will render the leather soft, make it more durable, and entirely impervious to water. It is also excellent for carriage tops, harness, &c. It can be had at GILMAN'S
nov 8-1m Drug Store, near Brown's Hotel.

GROCERIES, BUTTER, APPLES, &c.—G. & HOLMES, 7th street, nearly opposite the Patriotic Bank, has just received by the vessel Victory, Zone, Alexandria, and John Bell, from New York, his fall and winter stock of Family Groceries, Butter, Cheese, Fruit, &c., and now offers for sale, in addition to a general assortment of Groceries, 103 firkins and tubs of choice New York Butter 80 boxes Cheese from good dairies 150 bbls of Apples, of various kinds 25 " Virginia do [halves, and quarters] 20 " New York Buckwheat flour, in wholes, 20 boxes do Do, put up for small families 12 bbls Mackerel, in wholes, halves, and quarters 8 " Shad Newfoundland and Smoked Salmon 75 choice Hams, Dried Beef 30 boxes Chemical Soap Fancy Soaps, in large quantity Cranberries, Codfish, Dried Fruit, &c., &c. He respectfully invites purchasers to examine his stock before they buy.
nov 28-1f

FAMILY GROCERIES.—S. HOLMES has now received his full supply of Fall and Winter Goods, comprising a complete assortment. His stock of fresh tea, sugars, fruits, coffee, butter, cheese, cranberries, apples, buckwheat, and family flour, mackerel, salmon, smoked and pickled, &c., &c., is worthy of attention, which he respectfully invites. Seventh street, nearly opposite the Patriotic Bank.
dec 9

S. HOLMES, 7th street.

A CHOICE LOT OF SWEETMEATS.—Peach, pine apple, citron, lime, preserves, raspberry jelly, and currant jelly, for sale by
dec 9 S. HOLMES, 7th street.

FRESH LOBSTERS.—A small lot prepared for the table, for sale by
dec 9 S. HOLMES, 7th street.

CIGARS, TOBACCO, &c.—60 doz Appleby's fine cut tobacco 40 doz Pomeroy, Holmes, and Kingsland do A great variety of plug do 9,000 doz Havana segars, which will be sold at wholesale or retail, by
dec 9 S. HOLMES, 7th street.

SOAP.—30 boxes chemical soap 6 boxes fancy, palm, and other kinds Also, the bar soap in common use, for sale by
dec 9 S. HOLMES, 7th street.

MACKEREL.—No. 1, 2, and 3, for sale at retail or by the barrel, by
dec 9 S. HOLMES, 7th street.

HOARHOOUND CANDY.—The subscriber has recently been appointed agent for the sale of Pease's Hoarhound Candy. He could speak from personal knowledge of its beneficial effects in cases of severe cold, coughs, &c., but, lest he may be deemed an interested witness, he adduces the following, among numerous other testimonies, to the same import:
Hermitage, April 17, 1843.

I have the pleasure to acknowledge your kind favor of the 1st ultimo, by the hand of my friend, Mr. J. Armstrong, and with your most esteemed present, a package of your Hoarhound Candy, for which I receive my sincere thanks. I can only add, that may thousands receive from its use as much benefit as I have done, then will its inventor go down to posterity as one of its benefactors.
I am gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your friend and obdt serv't,
ANDREW JACKSON.

Messrs. Pease & Sons.

Washington, April 6, 1843.
The President desires me to return Messrs. Pease & Sons his acknowledgments and very sincere thanks for the box of Candy received at their hands. He has used it with much benefit to himself, as a remedy for cold and cough. I am, with very much respect,
JOHN TYLER, Jr.,
Private Secretary.

Albany, May 18, 1842.
Gentlemen: You will pardon me for the delay in replying to your letter of the 14th ultimo, and acknowledging the receipt of a box of your Clarified Essence of Hoarhound Candy.
Allow me to thank you for this kind respect, and to express the hope that you will be liberally patronized in your efforts for the public. The article is got up in beautiful style, and is highly commended by those who have had occasion to use it.
Your obdt serv't,
Messrs. Pease & Sons. WM. C. BOUCK.

City Hall, New York, June 27, 1843.
Messrs: I have repeatedly used your Candy for coughs and colds, and always found relief, but official duties prevented me from writing to you before. But as I have lately been cured of the influenza, I cannot withhold from recommending the same to the public.
I am yours, truly,
ROBT. H. MORRIS.
Messrs. Pease & Sons, 45 Division street.

Lindenwald, Oct. 14, 1843.
Gentlemen: I have to thank you for the box of your, I doubt not, justly celebrated Clarified Essence of Hoarhound Candy, and also for the very obliging terms in which you have been pleased to present it. I have not, I am happy to inform you, as yet had occasion to use it, but will do so when necessary, with a confidence in its efficacy which is well warranted by the experience of others.
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
M. VAN BUREN.

After all the best recommendation of it is a personal application which he invites those afflicted with coughs and all public speakers to make. He will keep a constant supply at his Family Grocery Store, on 7th street, nearly opposite the Patriotic Bank.
dec 9 S. HOLMES.

NATIONAL EATING HOUSE.—The above well known establishment has been recently newly fitted up in all its various departments, and the proprietor is now ready to supply all his customers and the public with all the delicacies (and substantial ones too) of the season, served up in the very best manner, a la Francaise ou a l'Americain.
One or two newly furnished parlors have been added to the establishment, for the better accommodation of clubs or other parties. Dinners or single dishes served hot, in any part of the city, at the shortest notice.

The proprietor, grateful for the patronage which the public has been pleased to award him, pledges his best efforts to merit its continuance, and to secure to his house that reputation for excellence and accommodation which it has for so long a time maintained.
W. WALKER.
N. B. Members of Congress, or others, forming clubs in any part of the city can be supplied as above.
nov 25-3wif

CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS, beautifully bound in Turkey Morocco, gilt, with plates; also, common binding. A large assortment just received, and for sale at very low prices, at
R. FARNHAM'S
Bookstore, corner 11th st. and Penn. avenue.
dec 1